





SCHILLER'S
HOMAGE OF THE ARTS,

WITH
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

FROM
RÜCKERT, FREILIGRATH, AND OTHER GERMAN POETS.

BY
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P R E F A C E .

THE author of this little *mélange* published, a few years ago, a larger collection, devoted principally to specimens of departed and classic German poets ; and it was his first idea, in preparing this volume, to represent, in a corresponding way, the living poets of the same language. But not having the means of such access as would have been desirable to the German poets of the day, nor the leisure to use his materials, if he had had them, — and reflecting, too, how hard it is for a right sensibility to put asunder the living who promise not to die, and the dead who yet live and will live awhile longer, — the translator, leaving the task of representing fairly and fully the poets of young Germany, such as Heine, Herwegh, and others, in the hope that some one, if not himself, may one day undertake it, has concluded to content himself, for the present, by

offering his friends and the public a small selection, consisting partly of pieces which came to him in the original too late for his former volume, and associating the names and effusions of living men indiscriminately with those of

“German Poesy’s immortal dead.”

The Germans, however, would hardly call their Schiller a *dead* poet; Körner is a live poet, if not a living one; and Rückert and Uhland, though not yet canonized, — *seri in cælum redeant!* — form a noble link between the days of Schiller and Körner and the generation of Herwegh and Freiligrath.

It is hoped that some of the pieces in this volume, particularly of those from Rückert and Freiligrath, will be familiar to the readers of the Dial and the Diadem, the Child’s Friend and the Christian Examiner. Those pieces looked so well in the magazines, that the translator flattered himself they would do to print in a “beuk.”

He closes with the wish that this little book may prove light enough for a winter holiday, and weighty enough to last through the next summer.

NEWPORT, Dec. 5th, 1846.

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SCHILLER.

THE HOMAGE OF THE ARTS.

A LYRIC DRAMA.

[This piece was first brought out in the Court Theatre of Weimar, Nov. 12, 1804, in compliment to Maria Paulowna, the Russian princess, when she came, a bride, to Weimar, as future Grand Duchess.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FATHER.

MOTHER.

YOUTH.

MAIDEN.

CHOIR OF PEASANTS.

GENIUS.

THE SEVEN ARTS.

Scene, a rural, open country ; in the centre an orange-tree laden with fruit and decorated with ribbons. Peasants are just in the act of setting it out, while maidens and children hold it steady on both sides, with chains of flowers.

FATHER.

PROSPER, prosper, glorious tree,
Crowned with golden fruits and flowers !
Child of softer, sunnier bowers,
In these natal fields of ours,
Here, henceforth, thy home shall be.
Full of sweetest fruit, as now,
Ever green thy branches bow !

ALL THE PEASANTS.

Prosper, prosper, glorious tree,
Towering heavenward, fair and free !

YOUTH.

With the scented blossom blending,
May the golden fruitage glow !
Through the storms of time unbending,
Let it bide while ages flow !

ALL.

hrough the storms of time unbending,
Let it bide while ages flow !

MOTHER.

Holy Earth ! this tender stranger, —
Take him to thy warm embrace !
Lord of yonder sunny pastures,
Guide of fleckèd flocks, heaven-ranger,
Cheer him with thy smiling face !

MAIDEN.

Sister Dryads, gently rear him !
Shield him, shield him, Father Pan !
And, ye Oreads, freely roaming,
That no blasting wind come near him,
Hold each mountain-storm in ban !

ALL.

Sister Dryads, kindly rear him !
Shield him, shield him, Father Pan !

YOUTH.

Ether's glowing smile befriend thee,
Ever clear and ever blue !
Sun his kindling radiance lend thee !
Lend him, Earth, thy quickening dew !

ALL.

Sun, thy cheering radiance lend him !
Lend him, Earth, thy quickening dew !

FATHER.

Joy, in thee, and life from heaven,
Be to every wanderer given !
For 't was Joy that planted thee.
May thy nectar-gifts, partaken
By the latest grandson, waken
Blessings on the quickening tree !

ALL.

Joy, in thee, new life from heaven,
Be to every pilgrim given !
For 't was Joy that planted thee.

[They dance in a motley row around the tree. The music of the orchestra accompanies them, gradually passing over into a grander style, while, in the background, Genius is seen descending with the Seven Goddesses. The peasants withdraw to either side of the stage, while Genius steps into the centre ; the three plastic Arts placing themselves at his right hand, and the four rhetorical and musical ones on his left.]

CHORUS OF THE ARTS.

We come from far ages,
We come from far climes ;
We roam through all nations,
Pass down through all times ;
We roam the wide world round in quest of a home.
For a home of our own
On some tranquil shore,

Where, each on' her throne,
We may sit evermore,
Creating in stillness,
And working in fulness, —
Still seeking, ne'er finding, for ever we roam.

YOUTH.

Lo, what godlike group advances !
Never in the dreams of night
Saw I such transcendent sight !
Wondrously my soul it trances.

GENIUS.

Where armor doth rattle,
With iron clang,
'Mid din of the battle,
Where hatred's fang
Strikes its victim with venomous wound,
Where passion's delusions the heart confound,
Where mortals in error do endlessly stray,
With fleet-wingèd footsteps there bend we our
way.

CHORUS OF THE ARTS.

We hate false blasphemers,
The Gods who contemn ;

The sons of uprightness, —
We seek after them ;
Where manners are childlike,
And friendly hearts yearn,
There build we our mansions,
And there we sojourn !

MAIDEN.

What thrills through my bosom ?
What sends me such bliss ?
As drawn by dark cords, how my heart leaps to
meet them !
As fond and familiar loved faces I greet them,
Yet I know I have never beheld them ere this !

ALL THE PEASANTS.

What thrills through my bosom ?
Whence cometh such bliss ?

GENIUS.

Hush ! Look yonder ! Men are dancing,
And their looks bespeak them blessed ;
Rich with wreaths and ribbons glancing,
Festally the tree is dressed.
Are not these of joy the traces ?
What goes on here, children ? — say !

FATHER.

Shepherds are we in these places,
Festal rites we keep to-day.

GENIUS.

And what rites? O, straightway tell us!

MOTHER.

Rites in honor of our queen,
Who, from royal halls descending,
Graciously her footsteps bending
Hitherward, is come to bless us,
To our peaceful valley lending
Presence all sublime, serene.

YOUTH.

Her, whom every Grace attending,
Smiles, like sunlight, from her mien.

GENIUS.

Wherefore plant ye now this tree?

YOUTH.

Ah! from distant climes she 's come,
And her heart is thither yearning,
Evermore, in dream, returning;

But we would not gladly let her, —
Fancy's foot we fain would fetter,
Till she owns her second home.

GENIUS.

Therefore, then, to-day ye come,
Men and maidens, gathering round,
And so deeply in the ground
Plant, with all its roots, this tree,
That the lofty one may be
In this land henceforth at home ?

MAIDEN.

Ah ! so many a tender band
Draws her to her childhood's land !
All she left with streaming tears, —
Paradise of early years,
And the holy lap of mother,
And each manly-hearted brother,
And a sister's tender breast, —
Can *we* give her back these pleasures ?
Hath wide Nature, in her store,
Price to buy such joys, such treasures ?

GENIUS.

Love, too, for the distant yearneth ;
Love no chains of place confine.

As the flame, unwasted, burneth,
Though another and another,
Kindled at its fountain, shine, —
All that *there* was sweet possessing,
Unimpaired doth still remain ;
Hath she left there Love's choice blessing,
Here she finds that love again.

MOTHER.

Ah ! she comes from halls of marble,
From the golden halls of pride.
Will not that high heart beat lonely,
Where the golden sun laughs only,
O'er free meadows, far and wide ?

GENIUS.

Shepherds, not to you is given
Skill to read a noble heart !
Know ye, an exalted spirit
Cannot from its world inherit
Greatness, for itself can only
Greatness to its world impart.

YOUTH.

O lovely strangers, teach us how to bind her !
O, teach us how to use affection's arts !

Fain would we many a fragrant garland wind her,
And lead her to our homes and hearths and hearts !

GENIUS.

A lovely heart soon finds its home around it ;
It makes a world, in silence, of its own :
And as the tree, far from its native zone,
Grasps with strong root the soil its lot hath found it,
So twines true nobleness, with noble strife
Of manly actions, round this earthly life.
Love knits her tender bonds with speedy hand,
The spot we bless, — there is our native land.

ALL THE PEASANTS.

O lovely stranger ! tell us how to bind her
To our still haunts, who leaves such scenes behind
her !

GENIUS.

The tender bond is found, — 't is close at hand ;
Not all is strange to her in this new land :
Me and my train no strangers she will own,
When we to her our names and works make known.

[Upon this Genius steps forward to the proscenium; the Seven Goddesses do the same, so as to form a semicircle. At the moment when they advance, they discover their emblems, which they have hitherto kept concealed under their dresses.]

GENIUS [turning toward the Princess].

Beauty's creative Genius stands before thee,
Attended by the Arts, a sister-band.
'T is we who crown all human works with glory, —
Palace and altar own our voice and hand.
We dwelt long since with thy imperial name,
And she, the lofty one who gave thee birth,
Herself the holy sacrificial flame
Tends with pure hand on her domestic hearth.
She bade us follow thee with this our greeting, —
Our smile alone earth's proudest bliss completing.

ARCHITECTURE [with a mural crown on her head, and a golden ship
in her hand].

Enthroned by Neva's banks, I graced thy home ;
Thy world-renowned ancestor called me forth ;
At his behest I built a second Rome,
The imperial seat and mistress of the North.
A paradise of stateliness, astounding,
Arose beneath my magic wand, one day ;
And now life's gay and busy din is sounding
Where yesterday but gloomy fog-banks lay ;
Her bristling naval armaments gigantic
Drive back old Belt* to his sea-palace, frantic.

* Belt is the name, properly, of two straits in the Baltic

SCULPTURE [with a Victory in her hand].

Me, too, with wonder, hast thou seen full oft,
Grave sculptress of the gods who held the world
of old.

Placed by me on a rock that towers aloft,
His great heroic statue men behold ;

[Showing the image of Victory.]

And this Victoria, made by me for man,
Thy lofty brother waves with mighty arm ;
It loves to fly in Alexander's van,
Held to his banner by resistless charm ;—
I only mould the clay to lifeless grace,
He of a savage horde creates a gentle race.

PAINTING.

Nor me wilt thou, exalted one, mistake,
The bright creatress of deceptive forms.
Life's glowing hues beneath my pencil wake,
And all the inspired canvass beams and warms.
I know to cheat the senses, — ay, the heart
Can sweetly, through the sight, delude awhile ;

(Skagerack and Cattegat) ; the translator would, however, have rendered it Baltic, had not the *antic* terminations forbidden.

And, copying each loved trait with cunning art,
The bitter pangs of absence oft beguile.
Whom North and South, by sea and mountain, sever,
They both have *me*, — and part no more for ever.

POESY.

No place can hold, — no chain my feet confine ;
Freely I soar beyond the firmament.
The illimitable realm of thought is mine,
The inspired word my wingèd instrument.
And all that lives and moves in earth and sky,
And all that Nature doth in secret night,
Must stand unveiled, unsealed, before my eye ;
For naught can hem the free poetic flight ;
Yet nothing lovelier can I choose or find,
Than a fair soul in a fair form enshrined.

MUSIC [with the Lyre].

The power of sound, from the swept strings up-
welling, —
Thou know'st it well, thou wield'st it mightily.
All yearnings dim, in the deep bosom swelling,
Find utterance free and full alone in me ;
A fond enchantment round each sense doth play,
When I pour forth my streams of harmony ;

In sweetest woe the heart would melt away,
And from the lips the soul were fain to flee ;
And when my scale of tones I rear on high,
I bear thee up to Beauty's loftiest sky.

DANCE [with the Cymbal].

The thoughts of God in solemn stillness rest ;
In thoughtful stillness is his spirit found.
Life beats tumultuous in the human breast,
And in youth's pulse the bounding hours dance
round.
Wild Joy with Beauty's rein I guide and tame,
Who loves the delicate bounds to overleap ;
I clothe with zephyr's wing the heavy frame ;
I bid the dance an even measure keep.
My wand doth Nature's every movement trace ;
'T is I bestow the lovely gift of grace.

DRAMA [with a double mask].

A Janus-face my name and work discovers ;
On this side joy it shows, on that side, woe.
Humanity 'twixt smiles and tears aye hovers.
Earnest and jest are mated here below.
With all its depths, with all its heights serene,
I life's great map before thy view unroll.

When thou hast once the world's great drama seen,
Thou comest back more rich to thine own soul ;
For whoso thus surveys the whole finds rest,
And ends the vexing strife within his breast.

GENIUS.

And now we all who here appear before thee,
Of high and holy arts the sacred choir,
O Princess, wait thy pleasure, seek thy glory.
Speak thou the word, and, as at sound of lyre
The walls of Thebes arose, in ancient story,
The insensate stone shall live when thou dost call,
A world of beauty shall unfold before thee.

ARCHITECTURE.

Column with column into line shall fall.

SCULPTURE.

The marble melt beneath the hammer's blow.

PAINTING.

Fresh life, warm-breathing, on the canvass glow.

MUSIC.

The stream of harmonies resound to thee.

DANCE.

The airy dance glide gayly round to thee.

· DRAMA.

Life on this stage unfold its wide dominion.

POESY.

And bright-eyed Fancy, on her mighty pinion,
To heavenly fields enchant thee far away !

PAINTING.

And like as Iris with the solar ray
Builds up her glorious spectrum in the sky,
Even so will we, with fair and friendly strife,
The mystic Seven of Beauty pure and high,
Weave, glorious one, the carpet of thy life.

ALL THE ARTS [clasping hands].

For all the powers, with fair and friendly strife,
Must join to weave the web of manly life.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.



Down in a vale, among poor swains,
With each young year's returning green,
When sang the larks their earliest strains,
A fair and wondrous maid was seen.

That vale was not her native place,
And whence she came could no one tell ;
For soon was lost her every trace,
When once the maiden took farewell.

A blessing came where she drew nigh,
And widely opened every heart ;
Yet from her pure and lofty eye
Presumptuous footsteps stood apart.

She brought with her both fruits and flowers,
Matured in other, sunnier fields,
Where Nature, in her southern bowers,
A glow of milder radiance yields.

To each she gave his heart's desire, —
Gave flowers to these, and fruits to those ;
The bounding youth, the bending sire,
Each with his present homeward goes.

A welcome waited every guest ;
But when drew near a loving pair,
Them gave she of her gifts the best, —
Of all her flowers, the fairest there.

RÜCKERT.*

A GAZELLE.

[This is a class of poems which seems to be quite a favorite with Rückert. They are named Gazelles, probably in reference to their movement, which imitates the peculiar bounding of that animal.]

O CRADLE of the rising sun, O holy Sea !

O grave of every setting sun, O holy Sea !

O thou in balmy nights outspreading the crystal mirror

Where Luna looks, — a silent nun, — O holy Sea !

O thou in silent midnights chiming, through thy wide
realm,

With starry choirs, — sweet unison, — O holy Sea !

* This prolific, yet no less thoughtful than graceful, poet still lives, as Oriental Professor, at Berlin.]

The morning's and the evening's red bloom out from
thee,

Two roses of thy garden-bed, O holy Sea !

O Amphitrite's panting bosom, whose heaving waves
Now swell, now sink, beneath the moon, O holy
Sea !

O Aphrodite's womb maternal ! bring forth thy child,
And borrow splendor from thy son, O holy Sea !
Sprinkle the earth's green wreath of spring with
pearly dew,

For thine the pearls are, every one, O holy Sea !

The Naiads of the meadows all, that sprang from thee,
Come back as Nereids at thy call, O holy Sea !

The ships of thought sail over thee and sink in thee ;
Atlantis rests there, mighty one, O holy Sea !

The beaker of the gods, that fell from high Olympus,
Hangs on the coral-twigs,* far down, O holy Sea !

A diver in the sea of love is Freimund's song,

Would show how rich his chosen one, O holy Sea !

My spirit yearneth like the moon to sink in thee ;

Forth send me from thee like the sun, O holy Sea !

* Like the cup in Schiller's "Diver." — TR.

A GAZELLE.

[The translator must presume that the proper names in this piece are familiar to the readers of Persian literature.]

UP, rise up, 't is day, O youthful Mussulman !
Pack thy goods and forth to join the caravan.

Hark, O, hark ! e'en now they 're moving, while thou
 sleepest ;
Hark ! the bell's low tinkling warns thee, from the van !

When the desert-drifts have swept away their sand-
 wake,
Hope not that thy footsteps ever track them can.

Rouse thee up ! O, waste not life in fond delusions !
Be a soldier, — be a hero, — be a man !

Of thy noble blood bethink thee, youthful Persian,
Like Rostem, — like Saal, — join thou the hero's
clan.*

Man of light, of right, the sunlight's champion !
Yield not up thy soul to gloomy Ahriman !

When thou hast in fight thy earthy soul downtrodden,
Life's victorious banner shall the heavenly fan.

When thy low lips touch the dust upon the threshold,
Thou shalt be the seal-ring in our sheik's divan !

* Rostem (or Rustam, as Moore calls him in his *Lalla Rookh*) is the Persian Hercules. Saal (or Sal) is his associate in fame ; Rückert calls him a *Pehlewan*. What this means the translator has not succeeded in finding out.

A GAZELLE.



CREATION now in slumber lies, — O, watch in me !

Sleep waits to snare my weary eyes, — O, watch
in me !

Thou Eye, that in the heavens watchest, with starry
glance,

When close in sleep my weary eyes, O, watch in me !

Thou Light, through ether beaming higher than sun
and moon,

When sun and moon forsake the skies, O, watch
in me !

When on this outer world is closing the door of sense,

Sink not my soul in dread surprise, — O, watch in me !

O, suffer not the power of darkness, the gloom of night,

To quench the light of inner skies ! — O, watch
in me !

O, let not, in the night's warm breathings, in balmy
shade,

The shoots of sinful passion rise ! — O, watch in
me !

Fresh with the dew of Eden's branches, let in my
dream

The fruit of life hang from the skies ! — O, watch in
me !

Show me in dream my warfare ended, my heart's
wish won ;

Let this bright vision bless my eyes ! — O, watch in
me !

I 'll slumber in thy lap till wakes me the morning-red
Upon thy cheeks, — till darkness flies, — O, watch
in me !

FROM MY BOYHOOD'S PRIME.



FROM my boyhood's prime, — from my boyhood's
prime, —

One strain still rings in my ear.

O, how far lies the time, — O, how far lies the time,
Was once so near !

What the swallow sang, — what the swallow sang,

When she came bringing harvest and spring,

Till the village rang, — till the village rang, —

Does that still ring ?

“ When I last took wing, — when I last took wing, —

Bin and barn stood loaded there ;

When I came in spring, — when I came in spring, —

I found all bare.”

O thou childhood's word! — O thou childhood's word! —

Glad wisdom's unconscious spring,
Skilled in speech of bird, — skilled in speech of
bird, —

As the wise king!

O ye fields of home! — O ye fields of home! —

By the hallowed shade and stream
Might I once more roam, — might I once more roam, —
On wings of dream!

When I went, ah! then, — when I went, ah! then

The world was so full and fair;
When I came again, — when I came again, —
I found all bare.

Comes the swallow back, — comes the swallow back, —

The chests that were empty run o'er;
But the heart, alack! — but the heart, alack!
Grows full no more.

There's no swallow brings, — there's no swallow
brings

Back to thee what thy tears deplore;
Yet the swallow sings, — yet the swallow sings
Just as of yore: —

“ When I last took wing, — when I last took wing, —
Bin and barn stood loaded there ;
When I came in spring, — when I came in spring, —
I found all bare.”

THE STRANGER-CHILD'S HOLY CHRIST.



'T is Christmas eve, — full plain, —
A strange child runs about
Through street, and square, and lane,
To see the lights gleam out
From every window-pane.

Behold him stop and stare
At every house ; he sees
The bright rooms, how they glare,
And all the lamp-full trees, —
Sad is he everywhere.

The poor child weeps : — “ To-night
Each little girl and boy
Their little tree and light
Can see and can enjoy, —
All, — all but me, — poor wight !

“ Brothers and sisters, we
Once frolicked, hand in hand,
Around one sparkling tree ;
But here, in this strange land,
No one remembers me.

“ Now all the doors they close
Against the cold and me ;
In all these goodly rows
Of houses, can there be
No spot for my repose ?

“ Will no one ope to me ?
Naught will I touch or take ;
I 'll only look and see
The pretty Christmas cake, —
The sight my feast shall be.”

He knocks at gate and door,
On shutter and on pane ;
Within they laugh the more ;
The poor child knocks in vain,
His little joints grow sore.

Each father, full of joy,
His children eyes with pride ;
The mother hands the toy,
She thinks of naught beside ;
None heeds the stranger-boy.

“ Dear holy Christ ! save thee,
No father and no mother
Have I on earth ; — O, be
My Saviour and my brother,
For none remembers me ! ”

Numbed with the biting blast,
He rubs his little hands,
Hugs himself tight and fast,
And in the by-lane stands,
His eyes to Heaven upcast.

Lo ! with a little light,
Comes plodding up the street,
All dressed in spotless white,
Another child ; — how sweet
His accents pierce the night !

“ I am the holy child
Jesus, and once, like thee,
I roamed through cold and wild ;
Poor wanderer, come to me,
For I am meek and mild !

“ I will not scorn thy prayer ;
The poor I love to bless,
And grant my tender care
Here in the street no less
Than in the parlour there.

“ And now I ’ll let thee see,
Here in the open air,
Thou stranger-child, thy tree, —
And none so bright and fair
In all the rooms can be.”

Then pointed with his hand
Child Jesus to the sky ; —
A mighty tree did stand,
Crowded with stars, so high,
Its boughs the wide heaven spanned.

How far, and yet how near,
 The sparkling torches seem !
Poor child ! it did appear
 Like to a fairy dream,
All was so calm and clear.

There, — in the shining sky, —
 There stood his Christmas-tree ;
And little angels nigh
 Reached down so lovingly,
And drew him up on high.

And homeward now he goes,
 The little stranger-child,
With Jesus to repose, —
 The Saviour meek and mild, —
And soon forgets his woes.

THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

A PARABLE.

A PILGRIM led, o'er Syrian sand,
A camel by the halter-band.
The animal, with startled eye,
Grew suddenly so fierce and shy,
And snorted so, for very dread
His leader dropped the rein and fled.
He ran, till, in a sheltered nook
Beside the way, he spied a brook ;
Half crazed, he hears the beast behind
Madly snuff up the burning wind.
He crept into the fountain's nook, —
Plunged not, — but still hung o'er the brook ;
When, lo ! a bramble came to view,
That from the fountain's waters grew.

Thereto the man did straightway cling,
Close crouching, coldly shuddering.
When he looked up, he saw with dread
Peer down that frightful camel's head,
That still more near and frightful grew ;
And when below he bent his view,
Down in the fountain's depths he saw
A dragon, with extended jaw,
That lay there waiting for his blood,
When he should drop into the flood ;
For, lo ! thus trembling 'twixt the two,
A third woe met the wretch's view.
Where in the cavern's crevice clung
The bush's root on which he hung,
He saw of mice a busy pair,
One black, one white, close nibbling there.
He saw the black one and the white
Alternately the root did bite.
They gnawed, they tugged, with snout and foot
They raked the earth from round the root ;
And as the mould, down-rattling, fell,
The dragon looked up from the well,
To see how soon the bush would fall
Into the water, load and all.

The man, in terror and despair,
Beset, besieged, beleaguered there,
In vain from this most dread suspense
Sought and besought deliverance.
But as he strains his eager eyes,
Nodding above his head he spies
A twig with blackberries thick-hung, —
Part of the vine to which he clung.
No more he saw the camel's head
So hideous, nor the dragon dread,
Nor yet the mice's knavery,
When once the berries met his eye.
The beast o'erhead might snort and blow,
The dragon lurk and gloat below,
And at his side the mice might gnaw, —
The blackberries were all he saw.
They pleased his eyes, — he thought them sweet, —
Berry on berry did he eat ;
So great the pleasure while he ate,
It made him all his fear forget.

Ask'st thou what foolish man is he
Forgets such fear so easily ?
Know then, O friend, that man art thou ;
For thou shalt hear the moral now.

The dragon down beneath the wave
Is Death's wide-gaping maw,—the grave.
The camel threatening overhead
Is Life's distress, and doubt, and dread.
'Twixt Life and Death aye hovering,
Thou dost to Earth's frail thorn-bush cling.
The two that gnaw incessantly
The root that bears the twigs and thee,
To bring thee down to Death's dark might, —
The mice's names —are Day and Night.
The black one gnaws, concealed from sight,
From eventide till morning light ;
From morning light till eventide,
The white one gnaws the root beside.
Yet, in this wild and weary waste,
The berry, Pleasure, tempts thy taste.
Till — the huge camel, Life's distress,
The dragon, Death, in the abyss,
The busy nibblers, Day and Night,
Forgotten in thy strange delight —
Of death's dark flood thou dost not think,
But of the berries on its brink.

THE WANDERING JEW.

[Rückert's title of this piece is "Chidher."]

THE wandering Jew once said to me,

I passed through a city in the cool of the year ;
A man in the garden plucked fruit from a tree.

I asked, " How long has the city been here ?"
And he answered me, and he plucked away, —
" It has always stood where it stands to-day,
And here it will stand for ever and aye."

Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the selfsame road again.

No trace of a city there I found ;

A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,
His flock went quietly nibbling round.

I asked, " How long has the city been gone ? "

And he answered me, and he piped away, —
“ The new ones bloom and the old decay,
This is my pasture-ground for aye.”

Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the selfsame road again.

And I came to a sea, and the waves did roar,
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,
And when, heavy-laden, he dragged it ashore,
I asked, “ How long has the sea been here ? ”
And he laughed, and he said, and he laughed away, —
“ As long as yon billows have tossed their spray
They ’ve fished and they ’ve fished in this selfsame
bay.”

Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the selfsame road again.

And I came to a forest, vast and free,
And a woodman stood in the thicket near, —
His axe he had laid at the foot of a tree.
I asked, “ How long have the woods been here ? ”
And he answered, “ These woods are a covert for aye ;
My ancestors dwelt here alway,
And the trees have been here since creation’s day.”
Five hundred years rolled by, and then
I travelled the selfsame road again.

And I found there a city, and far and near
 Resounded the hum of toil and glee,
And I asked, "How long has the city been here,
 And where is the pipe, and the wood, and the sea?"
And they answered me, as they went their way,—
"Things always have stood as they stand to-day,
And so they will stand for ever and aye."
 I 'll wait five hundred years, and then
 I 'll travel the selfsame road again.

THE TREE OF LIFE.



WHEN Father Adam lay at his last groan,
He sent to Paradise his faithful son,
A twig to fetch him from the Tree of Life,
Whereby he hoped recovery might be won.
Seth plucked the twig and brought it home ; but, lo !
Our father's ghost, with his last breath, had flown.
Then planted they the twig on Adam's grave,
And so from son to son 't was handed down.
It grew, when in the pit young Joseph lay, —
When Egypt's task-masters made Israel groan.
That tree put forth its blossoms fragrantly,
When David, harping, sat upon his throne.
Dry was the tree, when, in his wisdom, erred
From the Lord's way the sage King Solomon ;
Yet every generation hoped to see
Its life renewed in David's greater son.

Faith saw that day in spirit, when she sat
In sorrow by the floods of Babylon ;
And when the eternal lightning flashed from heaven,
Then burst the tree with high, exultant tone.
God's grace had chose its withered stock to be
The passion-wood to stretch his Christ upon.
The blind world hewed its timber to a cross,
And slew, with scorn, its own dear hope thereon.
Then did the tree of life bear bloody fruit,
That whoso tasted, life should be his own.
O Freimund,* look ! despite the storms of time,
How high and broad the tree of life hath grown !
Its *shadow* falls e'en now on half the world ;
When shall the whole its grateful *shelter* own ?

* Rückert's fancy-name for himself, as rhymer , literally,
" Free-mouth."

THE SUMMONS.



Is it the brass-mouthed clarion screaming so,
 To rouse the warrior from his tented bed ?
Is it the solemn trump God's angels blow,
 Whose clang unbolts the tomb and wakes the dead ?
O, no ! it is the early cock, whose crow
 Shakes the gold mists of slumber from my head,
And, like the battle-trump, — the judgment-morning, —
Of a new day, whose night is hid, gives warning.

Herald of light ! admonisher, whose call
 Shook the frail heart that dared deny its Lord !
So, to this day, when leaden slumbers fall
 On souls whose sensual passions choke the word,

'T is thy bold, faithful voice that lifts the pall
Of self-oblivion, thou shrill-throated bird !
Startling the guilty soul, and rousing all
Spirits of life, that with a shudder, scorning
Dark self-deceit, expect the eternal morning.

Dash down yon dizzying cup of earthly lust,
Filled with the brown and poisonous juice of sleep,
And go thou forth, and, armed with better trust
Than thine own strength, climb duty's rugged steep.
Fear not ! — high Heaven's right arm protects the
just ; —
Faint not ! — whate'er thou sowest thou shalt reap.
Warrior of God, I heed the solemn warning,
And a glad day succeeds the dreariest morning.

THE FOUR WAYS.



BEFORE the Sultan's throne appears
The Mewlana, with lowly brow.
"Thy wisdom's fame hath reached mine ears,
Then answer me one question now.
Four several sects, well knowest thou,
My faithful Mussulmans divide ;
Without delay, then, tell me now
With which doth Allah's favor side ?
By which of these four pathways, say,
Shall dust attain to Allah's throne ?
In doubt I 've waited till to-day ;
Now let the certainty be known."
Thus spake the Sultan, and was dumb.
The Mewlana gazed silently
A moment round the audience-room,
And then he said, with bended knee : —

“Thou in whose smile thy faithful race
The light of Heaven reflected see,
Protect me with thy shield of grace,
Then shall my answer be to thee :
Thou sitt’st enthroned here in a hall,
To which four doors thy slaves admit,
And all thy splendor beams on all,
By whichsoe’er they enter it.
That I did not mistake the way,
Thy messenger the praise must claim,
And, dazzled by the bright array,
I know not now which way I came.”

FROM THE "HUNDRED QUATRAINS."

FIRST HUNDRED.

I.

A LOVER, who in confidence
 Lets other people know it,
 Ill edifies his audience,
 Or else he is a poet.

II.

Reason, rebelling, armed 'gainst Love, one day,
 And "Wisdom" on his banner blazed o'erhead.
 Love sent a breath to make the attack, they say,
 When Reason, trembling, spiked his guns and fled.

VIII.

See, the rose-bed of creation
 Never of its flowers is bare ;
 Fades one red-cheeked generation,
 Lo! another crop is there.

XV.

That which thou canst not hate, and yet
Find'st it still harder to forget,
O heart ! no third way is left to thee
But this, to love it heartily.

XVIII.

The poet is a king without a throne,
And earthly ones who here in purple dress
Him as their equal do not love to own ;
'T were better he should shun their courts, I guess.

XIX.

Spring is a poet ; wheresoe'er he looks
Trees bloom and all the fields look gay.
Autumn 's a critic ; dead leaves strew the brooks,
Touched by his breath, and nature's charms decay.

XXVIII.

Ciphers, with a unit at their head,
Grow to hundreds, thousands,— what you will ;
When by one they choose not to be led,
Million ciphers are but zero still.

XXXVIII.

Prose never brings a full-formed work to light ;
However great, 't is but a fragment still ;
While not four lines can Poesy indite,
But a round whole thy ear and thought shall fill.

SECOND HUNDRED.

VII.

She went, serenely smiling like the sun ;
That look, — “ Farewell ! we meet in yonder sky ! ”
It said ; and thinking what a day is done,
I feel moist night-dews standing in my eye.

XVIII.

O heart ! keep loving ; though time hath bereft thee
Of youth and beauty, yet never despair.
They have not departed, while love is left thee,
For love and love only is young and fair.

XXII.

The dog is born a slave to be,
The will of his lord for law holds he.
But the cat is a creature born to be free ;
Thou play'st not with her, she plays with thee.

XLII.

The mighty world, — wouldst view it,
And know what its forms do mean,
Then must thou go into it
To see, and not to be seen.

XLIII.

Do what all men, if they knew it,
Could not choose but praise;
Then let no one know you do it;
Double price it pays.

LI.

The children of wisdom are they
Who, bound to the kingdom of truth, make error a
a stage by the way.
But they who in error's tavern put up and make
themselves jolly,
They are the children of folly.

LVI.

Truth is the easiest part of all to play.
Act thyself, — appear
What thou art, — and no fear
That thou ever canst miss thy way.

LXXVI.

A father one day was teaching his son
No monarch had a right to his throne.
The son learned well in his father's school,
And knocked the old gentleman off his stool.

LXXVII.

In every stone, in every clod,
Lies hid an image of man or god ;
But whoso would bring it to daylight, he
Must either a carver or sculptor be.

XCI.

The rich man spares his foot ;
The poor man spares his shoe,
Because he needs must buy it,
And has no money to.

XCV.

Easter morning breaks triumphant, Christ is risen !
See, my soul, how all creation wakes from death !
Burst the chains of slumber, — forth from death's dark
prison, —
Leave thy sepulchre like him of Nazareth !

XCVI.

Weary, worry not thyself in vain !
If the fruit thou seekest hangs too high,
Wait, and all the riper, by and by,
In thy lap 't will fall ;— let it remain.

XCVII.

“ How find'st thou thy calling so hard a one,
When others take it so easily ? ”
To teach me I myself had none,
And so can no one's teacher be.

C.

There 's many a little book that reads right nice
The reader never cares to see again ;
But whatsoe'er is not worth reading twice
Was not worth reading once, I do maintain.

THE BITER BIT, OR THE DEVIL
OUTWITTED.

THE Arabs had ploughed, but not planted, their field,
When the Devil, like Jehu, came galloping by,
And said,—“Half the earth me its produce must yield;
Remember it, rogues, when your harvest draws
nigh.”

The Arabs are foxes. They said, — “Be it so ;
The upper half ours and the lower half thine.”
But the Devil will always be uppermost : — “No !
The lower half yours, and the upper half mine.”
So they planted them turnips and beets everywhere,
And then, when the time of the harvest drew on,
The Devil came puffing to gather his share, —
The tops were all there, but the roots were all gone.

And when it came round to the spring of the year,

Then out spake the Devil, in a furious heat, —

“ I go for the lower half this time, that ’s clear.”

So the Arabs, they planted them corn and wheat.

And when it became again time to divide,

The Arabs began the ripe ears to fell ;

The Devil he took the dry stubble, and cried, —

“ ’T will kindle my fires below there right well.”

MARSHAL FORWARD.



By what name, thou gallant Prussian,
Say, wilt thou thy Blücher call ?
Close thy classic books ; the Russian
Gives him the best name of all.
There 's no name in classic story
Can speak his peculiar glory ;
Marshal Forward ! Marshal Forward !
Marshal Forward beats them all !

Over forest, flood, and mountain,
Forward march ! was still the word ;
From the Oder's farthest fountain
To the Elbe-stream flashed his sword.

Now upon the Rhine we find him, —
Now he leaves the Rhone behind him, —
 Marshal Forward ! Marshal Forward !
Forward ! Forward ! That 's the word !

Ha ! French marshals, wherefore quake ye,
 Wherefore hang your heads for shame,
And behind your walls betake you,
 When ye hear our Blücher's name ?
Marshal Backward, — that 's the coward !
Call the brave man Marshal Forward !
 Marshal Forward ! Marshal Forward !
Suits alone the Blücher's fame.

THE FATAL RIVERS.

[Rossbach means *Horse-brook*, and Katzbach, *Cat-brook*.]

FROM this time forth and for ever,
 Look out for each beast-named river, —
 Frenchmen, look !
 By the Rossbach, — by the Rossbach, —
 We shot you on horseback.
 When from off your horses
 Rolled the heavy corses,
 Down the blood rolled,
 In a real brook.

From this time forth and for ever,
 Look out for each beast-named river, —
 Frenchmen, look !
 By the Katzbach, — by the Katzbach, —
 Stood the hair up on the cat's back ;

'T was there we pared the claws away
From the cat's paws one day, —
 No more scratching, —
 No more catching, —
 Every blow took.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC.



Is there no song
Can crash with might,
Loud and long
As crashed the Leipsic fight.

Three days, — day and night, —
Smoke and stroke,
And no joke,
Slashed and crashed and smashed the Leipsic
fight.

Three days, — day and night, —
Lasted the Leipsic fair ;
With iron yard-sticks we measured* ye there,
We *charged* you heavily, quite.

Three days, — day and night, —
Lasted at Leipsic the hunt of the lark ;
We caught them at daylight, we caught them at
dark, —
A hundred we caught at a single gate,
A thousand at a flight.

* When the troops of Charles the Fifth and Pope Clement arrived in sight of Florence they are said to have cried, —
“Get ready, O Florence, thy golden brocades ! we come to buy them by the measure of our pikes.” — TR.

ALEXANDER'S POWER.



WHEN Alexander died, he gave command
They from his coffin should let hang his hand,
That all men who had seen him formerly,
Exulting in the pomp of royalty,
Might now see that, with empty hands, alone,
He, too, the universal road had gone,
And that, of all his treasures, nothing save
That empty hand went with him to the grave.

FREILIGRATH.



THE LION'S RIDE.

[The translator has seen two other versions of the following piece, neither in the exact measure of the original, which is here given.]

KING of deserts reigns the lion ; will he through his
realm go riding,

Down to the lagoon he paces, in the tall sedge there
lies hiding.

Where gazelles and camelopards drink, he crouches
by the shore ;

Ominous, above the monster, moans the quivering
sycamore.

When, at dusk, the ruddy hearth-fires in the Hottentot kraals are glowing,
And the motley, changeful signals on the Table Mountain growing
Dim and distant, — when the Caffre sweeps along the lone karroo, —
When in the bush the antelope slumbers, and beside the stream the gnu, —

Lo! majestically stalking, yonder comes the tall giraffe,
Hot with thirst, the gloomy waters of the dull lagoon to quaff;
O'er the naked waste behold her, with parched tongue, all panting hasten, —
Now she sucks the cool draught, kneeling, from the stagnant, slimy basin.

Hark! a rustling in the sedges! with a roar, the lion springs
On her back now. What a race-horse! Say, in proudest stalls of kings,
Saw one ever richer housings than the courser's motley hide,
On whose back the tawny monarch of the beasts to-night will ride?

Fixed his teeth are in the muscles of the nape, with
greedy strain ;

Round the giant courser's withers waves the rider's
yellow mane.

With a hollow cry of anguish, leaps and flies the
tortured steed ;

See her, how with skin of leopard she combines the
camel's speed !

See, with lightly beating footsteps, how she scours the
moonlit plains !

From their sockets start the eyeballs ; from the torn
and bleeding veins,

Fast the thick, black drops come trickling o'er the
brown and dappled neck,

And the flying beast's heart-beatings audible the still-
ness make.

Like the cloud, that, guiding Israel through the land
of Yemen, shone,

Like a spirit of the desert, like a phantom, pale and
wan,

O'er the desert's sandy ocean, like a waterspout at
sea,

Whirls a yellow, cloudy column, tracking them where-
e'er they flee.

On their track the vulture follows, flapping, croaking,
through the air,
And the terrible hyena, plunderer of tombs, is there ;
Follows them the stealthy panther,—Cape-town's folds
have known him well ;
Them their monarch's dreadful pathway, blood and
sweat full plainly tell.

On his living throne, they, quaking, see their ruler
sitting there,
With sharp claw the painted cushion of his seat they
see him tear.
Restless the giraffe must bear him on, till strength and
life-blood fail her ;
Mastered by such daring rider, rearing, plunging,
naught avail her.

To the desert's verge she staggers, — sinks, — one
groan, — and all is o'er.
Now the steed shall feast the rider, dead, and smear-
ed with dust and gore.
Far across, o'er Madagascar, faintly now the morn-
ing breaks ; —
Thus the king of beasts his journey nightly through
his empire makes.

THE MOORISH PRINCE.

[This piece ought to be accompanied, as the translator saw it in the original, with a picture of the absent-minded, broken-hearted Moor, standing beside the broken drum-head, at the tournament of his captors.]

His lengthening host through the palm-vale wound ;
The purple shawl on his locks he bound ;
He hung on his shoulders the lion-skin ;
Martially sounded the cymbal's din.

Like a sea of termites the wild, black swarm
Swept, billowing, onward. He flung his dark arm,
Encircled with gold, round his loved one's neck : —
“For the feast of victory, maiden, deck !

“Lo ! glittering pearls I’ve brought thee there,
To twine with thy dark and glossy hair ;
And the corals, all snakelike, in Persia’s green sea,
The dripping divers have fished for me.

“See ! plumes of the ostrich, thy beauty to grace !
Let them nod, snowy-white, o’er thy dusky face.
Deck the tent, — make ready the feast for me, —
Fill the garlanded goblet of victory !”

And forth from his snowy and shimmering tent
The princely Moor, in his armor, went.
So looks the dark moon, when, eclipsed, through the
gate
Of the silver-edged clouds, she rides forth in her state.

A welcoming shout his proud host flings,
And “Welcome !” the stamping steed’s hoof rings ;
For him rolls faithful the negro’s blood,
And Niger’s old, mysterious flood.

“Now lead us to victory, — lead us to fight !”
They battled from morning far into the night.
The hollow tooth of the elephant blew
A blast that pierced each foeman through.

How scatter the lions ! the serpents fly
From the rattling tambour ; the flags on high,
All hung with skulls, proclaim the dead,
And the yellow desert is dyed with red.

So rings in the valley the desperate fight ; —
But she is preparing the feast for the night ;
She fills the goblets with rich palm-wines,
And the shafts of the tent-poles with flowers she
twines.

With pearls that Persia's green flood bare,
She dresses her dark and glossy hair ;
Feathers are floating her brow to deck,
And gay shells gleam on her arms and neck.

She sits by the door of her lover's tent, —
She lists the far war-horns till morning is spent ;
The noonday burns, — the sun stings hot, —
The garlands wither, — she heeds it not.

The sun goes down in the fading skies,
The night-dew trickles, the glow-worm flies,
And the crocodile looks from the tepid pool,
As if he, too, would enjoy the cool.

The lion bestirs him and prowls for prey,
The elephant-tusks through the jungles make way,
Home to her lair the giraffe goes,
And flower-leaves shut and eyelids close.

The maiden's fluttering heart beats high,
When a bleeding, fugitive Moor draws nigh : —
“ Farewell to all hope now ! the battle is lost ;
Thy lover is captured, — he 's dragged to the coast, —

“ They sell him to white men, — he 's carried —— ”

O, spare !

The maiden falls headlong, — she clutches her hair ;
All quivering she crushes the pearls in her hand,
She hides her hot cheek in the burning-hot sand.

PART II.

'T is fair-day ; — how sweeps the tempestuous throng
To circus and tilt-ground, with shout and with song !
There 's a blast of trumpets, — the cymbal rings, —
The deep drum rumbles, — Bajazzo springs.

Come on ! come on ! How swells the roar !
They fly, as on wings, o'er the hard, flat floor ;

The British sorrel, the Turk's black steed,
From plumèd beauty win honor's meed.

And there, by the tilting-ground's curtained door,
Stands, silent and thoughtful, a curly-haired Moor.
The Turkish drum he beats full loud, —
On the drum is hanging a lion-skin proud.

He sees not the knights and their graceful swing, —
He sees not the steeds and their daring spring ;
The Moor's dry eye, with its stiff, wild stare,
Sees naught but the shaggy lion-skin there.

He thinks of the far, far distant Niger,
And how he once chased there the lion and tiger,
And how he once brandished his sword in the fight,
And came not back to his couch at night.

And he thinks of *her*, who, in other hours,
Decked her hair with his pearls and plucked him her
flowers ;

His eye grew moist, — with a scornful stroke
He smote the drum-head, — it rattled and broke.

THE AWAKENER IN THE WILDERNESS.



HARD by the Nile, 'mid desert-sands,
King of the wild, a Lion stands, —
Yellow as are the sandy waves,
When the Simoom around him raves.

His mane a royal mantle seems,
As o'er his brawny breast it streams;
His fierce and shaggy top looks down,
Majestic, like a kingly crown.

He lifts his head and roars; — the sound
So deep and hollow murmurs round,
Through all that awe-struck wilderness,
Lake Mœris hears it well, I guess.

The spotted panther knows it well ;
Off darts the tremulous gazelle ;
The camel and the crocodile
Hear the dread monarch of the Nile.

Old Nile's reverberating shore
Bears far away that sullen roar ;
The Pyramids send back the sound,
And echo through their vaults profound.

The brown-dried royal mummy, hid
In dust and dusk of Pyramid
For weary ages, stirs and shakes,
And from his tedious slumber wakes.

He rises in his narrow shrine : —
“ Thanks, Lion, for that roar of thine !
Ah ! ages long in sleep have passed, —
Thy voice awakens me at last.

“ O years that I have dreamed away ! —
Where are ye, golden ages, say !
When in triumphal pomp I rode,
A king, a conqueror, a god ?

“ Then victory’s banners o’er me flew, —
Thy ancestors, O Lion, drew,
On that proud day, the festal car
That brought me back from glorious war !

“ That car was gorgeous to behold ;
The beam was all enchased with gold ;
Both spoke and rim with pearls did shine ; —
The hundred-gated Thebes was mine.

“ These feet, so dry and shrivelled now,
Trod on the Indian’s tawny brow, —
The frizzled hair of Moors, — the wild
And stubborn neck of Afric’s child.

“ Stiff linen binds a hand that held
Sway o’er the world in years of eld ;
All that yon hieroglyphics say
Once glowed within this breast of clay.

“ These hands upreared the mighty tomb,
That holds me in its rayless gloom ;
I sat upon a throne, the while
The myriad insects raised the pile.

“ Spears bristled round me ; — far below,
The blackening swarms crept to and fro ;
Scourged by the beadle, — lazy slave ! —
The ant-tribes built their master’s grave.

“ The subject Nile confessed my sway,
And rocked my swift keel on its way ;
Old Nile still holds his onward sweep, —
I, ages since, have sunk to sleep.

“ And round me all is dark once more,” —
For now had ceased the Lion’s roar.
The dead man leaned him back again ;
Eternal sleep resumed her reign.

THE EMIGRANTS.



I CANNOT take my eyes away
From you, ye busy, bustling band,
Your little all to see you lay
Each in the waiting boatman's hand.

Ye men, that from your necks set down
Your heavy baskets on the earth,
Of bread, from German corn baked brown,
By German wives, on German hearth,—

And you, with braided queues so neat,
Black Forest maidens, slim and brown,
How careful, on the sloop's green seat,
You set your pails and pitchers down.

Ah ! oft have home's cool, shady tanks

Those pails and pitchers filled for you ;
By far Missouri's silent banks

Shall these the scenes of home renew, —

The stone-rimmed fount, in village street,

Where oft ye stooped to chat and draw, —
The hearth, and each familiar seat, —
The pictured tiles your childhood saw.

Soon, in the far and wooded West

Shall log-house walls therewith be graced ;
Soon, many a tired, tawny guest
Shall sweet refreshment from them taste.

From them shall drink the Cherokee,

Faint with the hot and dusty chase ;
No more from German vintage ye
Shall bear them home, in leaf-crowned grace.

O, say, why seek ye other lands ?

The Neckar's vale hath wine and corn ;
Full of dark firs the Schwarzwald stands ;
In Spessart rings the Alp-herd's horn.

Ah ! in strange forests ye will yearn
For the green mountains of your home, —
To Deutschland's yellow wheat-fields turn, —
In spirit o'er her vine-hills roam.

How will the forms of days grown pale
In golden dreams float softly by,
Like some wild, legendary tale,
Before fond memory's moistened eye !

The boatman calls, — go hence in peace !
God bless you, wife, and child, and sire !
Bless all your fields with rich increase,
And crown each faithful heart's desire !

NAPOLEON IN BIVOUAC.



A WATCH-FIRE on a sandy waste, —
Two trenches, — arms in stack, —
A pyramid of bayonets, —
Napoleon's bivouac !

Yonder the stately grenadiers
Of Kleber's vanguard see !
The general to inspect them sits, —
Close by the blaze sits he.

Upon his weary knee the chart,
There, by the glowing heap,
Softly the mighty Bonaparte
Sinks, like a child, to sleep.

And, stretched on cloak and cannon,
His soldiers, too, sleep well ;
And, leaning on his musket, nods
The very sentinel.

Sleep on, ye weary warriors, sleep !
Sleep off your last hard fight !
Mute, shadowy sentinels shall keep
Watch round your trench to-night.

Let Murad's horsemen dash along !
Let man and steed come on !
To guard your line stalks many a strong
And stalwart champion.

A Mede stands guard, who with you rode
When you from Thebes marched back ;
Who after King Cambyzes strode,
Hard in his chariot's track.

A stately Macedonian
Stands sentry by your line,
Who saw on Ammon's plains the crown
Of Alexander shine.

And, lo, another spectre !

Old Nile has known him well ;
An admiral of Cæsar's fleet,
Who under Cæsar fell.

The graves of earth's old lords, who sleep
Beneath the desert-sands,
Send forth their dead his guard to keep,
Who now the world commands.

They stir, they wake, their places take
Around the midnight flame ;
The sand and mould I see them shake
From many a mail-clad frame.

I see the antique armor gleam
With wild and lurid light ;
Old, bloody purple mantles stream
Out on the winds of night.

They float and flap around a brow
By boiling passion stirred ;
The hero, as in anger, now,
Deep-breathing, grasps his sword.

He dreams ; — a hundred realms, in dream,
Erect him each a throne ;
High on a car, with golden beam,
He sits as Ammon's son.

With thousand throats, to welcome him,
The glowing Orient cries,
While at his feet the fire grows dim,
Gives one faint flash, — and dies.

THE GREEK GIRL AT THE FAIR.



BEFORE thy tent-door let me stand,
O maiden from the isle of Zante !
And let a German's brow be fanned
By spicy breezes from Levant.

The fragrances of Orient springs
Are in thy phials charmed, I guess.
To North Sea strands Natolia brings
Her ointments and her essences :—

The delicate rosewood's fleeting oil,
Of noble incense the round corn,
Brought from Bagdad, by camels' toil,
To the mast-wood of the Golden Horn.*

* The forest of masts in the harbour of Constantinople.

From distant marts they came to thee,
Through trading hordes of Southern lands,
In Stamboul and Gallipoli ; —
Thou sell'st them now on Northern strands.

Thy moving house gleams far and wide,
The golden beakers sparkle so ;
Gay as the peacock's motley pride,
Strange dresses on thy tables glow.

And thou, behind them, pacing, too, —
God's peace within this threshold dwell !
So, on the banks of Karasu,
By Taurus, feeds the slim gazelle.

The calm blue eye seems lost afar,
'Neath thy blue turban and black hair ;
See'st thou, in spirit, the bazaar
Of Smyrna and its buyers fair ?

Dream on ! and still roam back, in thought,
O'er many a dusty, weary mile !
What do I want ? O, ask me not !
I would but see thy priceless smile !

THE SKATING NEGRO.



STRANGE man, of frame athletic,
Who oft, by Gambia's stream,
Hast seen the golden Fetish
With wondrous lustre gleam, —

Who oft, beneath the equator,
Hast pierced the panther's heart,
And at the alligator
Shot off the poisoned dart ; —

There, where on palace-portal
Bleached skulls — strange sight to see ! —
Are ranged, dark fellow-mortal !
There would I have thee be !

Where yellow gum is streaming
Down from the bursting trees,
My spirit, fondly dreaming,
Thy dusky image sees, —

A watchman and a warder there,
Bedecked with pearls and gold,
To guard the treasures, rich and rare,
The sunny South enfolds.

There would I gladly see thee chase
The unicorn's wild flight ;
But ever strange to me thy face
On this cold, Northern bight.

What dost thou here, on ice, I say,
To scorn our snows and sleets,
Son of the tropic's burning ray,
And equatorial heats, —

Thou, that upon the steed's bare back,
Naked, wast wont to spring,
And o'er the flying Caffre's neck
The forkèd slip-yoke fling ?

Amidst this motley throng
Thou towerest on my view,
Gliding, with fur-clad arms, along,
A necromancer true,

Who, in his magic ring,
Each ghostly spell defies,
And, mounted on a griffin's wing,
Through the Sahara flies.

O, when the winds, in spring,
Detain thy keel no more,
Home to thy native land take wing,—
Home to thine own tent-door !

There shall Dar Fur, thy country, shake
Gold dust upon thy pow,
For frost and flake thy locks bedeck
With dust of silver now !

THE STEPPES.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM ocean strand to ocean strand
 Spreads the grim, giant wilderness,
Stretched out, like some great beggar's hand,
 To God in all its emptiness.
The jagged torrents through it borne,
The winding wheel-ruts in it worn
 By colonists from many a land,
The tracks where buffaloes have trod, —
All seem to me (engraved by God)
 The furrows of that giant hand.

BURNS'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

RETRANSLATION.

[Happening to remember only the first three words of the original piece in Burns, the translator took a curious interest in rendering it back from Freiligrath's German version, by way of *proving* it, as the boys do their sums in arithmetic ; and the result was as follows. Some readers may care to compare the song thus brought round through the German with Burns's original. The only thing which makes it impossible for the Germans to give the characteristic beauties of Burns is, that they have no dialect which bears the same relation to a German ear that the Scottish does to an English ear, unless a sprinkling of Tyrolese might serve. "Bonny Doon," and "My Jo, John," cannot be translated into German.]

How fast the gloomy night comes down !
The tempest howls ; the storm-clouds frown,
As, big and black with rain, they stand
Above this naked, hilly land.

The moorland hunter homeward hies ;
Beneath the sedge the partridge flies ;
And I, oppressed with grief and care,
Gae, lonesome, by the banks of Ayr.

His ripening corn old Autumn wails,
So early shook by wintry gales ;
He sees the storm in evening skies,
And, wildly moaning, southward flies.
Cold in my bosom grows the blood
While musing on the troubled flood,
Whose waves so soon my bark must bear
Far, far from you, sweet banks of Ayr !

'T is not the surf that beats the land,
So wild and stern, nor yet yon strand,
With spars of many a wreck o'erspread,
Nor the chill storm-wind, fills with dread
The son of sorrow ; — but my heart,
Must it not feel the cruel smart,
And beat fu' fast, and bleed fu' sair,
To break its chains, and leave thee, Ayr ?

Farewell, ye cairns, and haughs, and lakes,
Ye heathy hills, and glens, and brakes !
Thou silent path, thou valley green,
That oft my pangs of love have seen !
Friend ! foe ! farewell ! alike be blest !
My love, my peace, upon you rest !
But, ah ! this rush of tears tells mair
Than words can speak ! Farewell, my Ayr !

UHLAND.

THE WHITE STAG.

THREE hunters went over the fields one day ;
To hunt the white stag full fain were they.

They laid themselves down in the shade of a tree,
And a singular dream had each of the three.

THE FIRST.

I dreamed that I was beating the bush,
And out came rushing the stag, hush ! hush !

THE SECOND.

And when with the yelping pack he was off,
I scorched him on the hide, piff, paff !

THE THIRD.

And when I saw him fall, ha ! ha !

I lustily sounded the horn, trara !

As thus they lay and spake, the three,

Behold, the white stag ran by the tree.

And ere the three hunters could see him aright,

Away he was gone over hollow and height.

Hush, hush ! piff, paff ! trara ! ha, ha !

LUCKLESS.



LUCKLESS, — best of fellows ! — clearly
Fate with thee strange antics played ;
Many a time he would have nearly,
If not quite, his fortune made ;
One blest star upon another
O'er his cradle would have smiled,
But one hour too late his mother
Gave the world this luckless child.

Martial fame, in song and story,
Early would his deeds have crowned ;
None so emulous of glory
Was in all the army found ; —
Only when, like waves of ocean,
To the stormy shock they rolled,
Hush ! through all the wild commotion,
See the flag of peace unfold.

Luckless, on the eve of marriage,
Now at length his luck describes ;
Lo ! a wealthier suitor's carriage
Bears away his lovely prize !
Yet had he, thus rudely plundered,
In the widow still been blest,
Had not death untimely blundered,
Stumbling o'er the miser's chest.

Rich had Luckless been full surely
With a new world's wealth on deck,
But a tempest prematurely
Left his ship in port a wreck.
He himself, as Crusoe lucky,
Had already climbed the bank,
When, by some mad billow struck, he
Lost his hold, and slipped, and sank.

Straight to heaven, without a question,
Would his soul have flown that day,
But a stupid devil just then
Must needs dart across his way.
Devil thought it was the very
Soul that he must catch, and so
By the throat, this imp so merry,
Grabbing Luckless, runs ; — when, lo !

One good angel, for a wonder,
 Reached a helping hand this once,
Back to hell, with bolt of thunder,
 Hurled that black and blundering dunce ;
Spreading then his shiny pinions,
 Through the heavens poor Luckless bore
Far beyond mad Luck's dominions,
 Where the stars hold sway no more.

NIGHT JOURNEY.



I TRAVEL through a land of night ;
No moon, no stars, give friendly light,
 The winds blow chill and wild.
How oft have I this journey made,
When blandest breezes round me played,
 And golden sunshine smiled !

I ride through gardens of the night ;
Dry trees, like spectres, mock my sight,
 Dead leaves fall rustling round.
Ah ! in the time of roses, here,
With all my loves and treasures near,
 What rapture once I found !

The sunbeams all are quenched and fled,
The roses faded all, and dead,

My love is in the grave.

I fold my mantle round me tight,
And hurry through the land of night,
Where storm and winter rave.

PEASANT'S RULE.



IN summer seek thyself a love,
In garden and in grove ;
For then the days are long enough,
And nights are mild to rove.

In winter must the tender knot
Be found well wove and tight,
For many a cold on snow is caught,
'Neath winter moons, at night.

HERWEGH.

TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

[The celebrated Bettina Brentano having written a book at the late king, with the motto, — “*Dies gehört dem König*” (This is for the King), — the censor-general issued his Prohibetur, with the motto, — “*Dies gehört Bettinen*” (This is for Bettina). Whereupon Herwegh came out with the following blast, under the motto, — “*Auch dies gehört dem König*” (This, too, is the King's). Frederick is said to have remarked, when the piece came to his hands, — “I see this is mine, but I really don't know what to do with it.” However, he did what he could, and issued a proclamation for the arrest of “one George Herwegh,” who, however, had fled the kingdom in season.]

I KNEW a king was but a wandering star, —
That accident alone his orbit rules.
'T was not the comet's *nucleus*, but the far
Extended *tail* of charlatans, and fools,

And slaves, I warned ; I said within my heart, —
“ Thy princely character is more to thee
Than all the pride and pomp of pedigree ” ;
But I forgot that always threefold brass
Keeps, e’en in death, a monarch far apart
From his vile subjects ; — so my words did pass
For a mere jest with thee, — thy bosom felt no
smart.

Fool that I was, I dreamed I knew thee well ;
One mother’s breast had suckled thee and me, —
The mother whom I name my century.
I seemed upon the Atlantic coast to dwell,
And, listening toward the German wilderness,
To hear the gushings of a distant spring ;
And on my ear, in grateful cadences,
Borne by the murmuring breeze’s rushing wing,
The solemn words, “ I swear,” so sweetly fell !
Sounding across from the far Baltic Sea,
Through my republic rang the hymns of jubilee !

Inspired, I cried, — “ Great monarch of the North !
The maiden whom the father wooed and won
Is grown too old and homely for the son ;
Take for thy bride this *young* age ; lead her forth !

Let haggard beauty's withered ruins lie ;
Take up no wail that slavery should die ;
Give to the shades the atonement they demand ;
Let us possess at length the promised land ;
Light thou the oriflamme of virgin liberty !

“ Let all the ghostly brood at cockcrow die ;
Be of good cheer ! only the birds of night
Shall quake and perish at the new-born light, —
The light that greets thy people from on high.
O, speak the word that shall their fears control !
O, speak the word that shall awake the soul !
Give us a law that shall not soothe alone,
But heal, the wound, — a royal law, whose force
Shall check our *falling* only, not our course ;
Give this, and glory's light shall beam around thy
throne !

“ So, be a prince ! tear up the tinsel trash
Of paltry pomp and of mock majesty !
Break through and trample down, with one bold dash,
The nets by popes and nobles spread for thee !
Fling out the match into the waiting world,
And spring the mine, and, heaving from below,
Let the old musty edifice be hurled

High in the air ! Art thou from God ? then show
Thy wonders, and the world thy right divine shall
know.

“ Leave thou the dead to slumber in the tomb,
Nor seek to wake the dead who walk the ground !
Too early would the final trumpet sound,
To wake this people from their sleep profound,
Too early for their eyes will dawn the day of doom ! ”

Not quite so fierce was then my holy hate ;
Not quite so sharp my burning speech did sting ;
Yet such the deep sense of our murmuring,
As if, like Hamlet, we to thee had spoken : —
“ Something is foul and rotten in the state
Of Denmark, and its power within itself is broken ! ”

But thou dost still enact the royal Saul
(Not *him* whose name thou didst reproachfully
Cast in my teeth, the old apostate Paul) ; —
Our manly words have found no grace with thee ;
But thou, with murderous heart, hast shamelessly
Throttled or gagged the freeman and the brave,
Who paid not flattery's toll to every pompous slave.

Each idle paramour and parasite

Thou call'st thy friend, who loudly trumpets forth
With his puffed cheeks the honor, and thy shame ;
Thou hast despised of our pure hearts the flame
That would but purge from dross the metal bright ;
The day must come, — it comes e'en now, — on
earth,
When Cossacks shall no more obscure the free-
man's worth.

And still thou standest there, with scornful mien,
Amidst thy masks, thou helpless, hapless prince ! —
Those masks whose faces true will ne'er be seen, —
And at the truth too sharp for thee dost wince,
The vain Mæcenæ of a juggling crew,
Who light and dark confound before thy cheated
view !

Too timid eye to eye to meet this age,
Too fond of praise its language to despise,
Too high-born its true tones to recognize,
Through painted glasses thou wouldst read the page, —
Glasses thy puppets slide before thy sight,
To quench thy last clear glimpse of truth in rayless
night.

What boots it to lop off a *leaf* or two ?

The great creative force thou canst not kill !

The fruits will ripen, — yea, and faster still !

Poor plaything of poor fools ! Hadst thou been true,

The banner of thy age thou might'st have borne,

Who bearest now its train, — and yet shalt bear
its scorn !

.

Think not the dust upon the ground will lie

For ever ! No ; there comes a day, ye kings !

When ye shall quail to see the storm sweep by,

And fling the dust on high with rushing wings.

Then shall ye see the dust upon your crown,

Shall see your purple pillows gray with dust ;

Then, if ye dare, on freeborn men look down ;

Then, if ye dare, your proud and pensioned hire-
lings trust !

Slaves as they are, ye then shall see them bow

Before the people's feet, and cringe, and quail, —

Your pages, — feeble reeds, with which you now

Think to control the tempest and the gale.

Thou scornest for the stream to dig a bed,

In which its rushing waves might freely flow ;

Fain wouldst thou drive back to its fountain-head

That flood which still doth deeper, broader, grow,

Which mocks thy puny dams with its proud leap,
Or bears them all away in its triumphant sweep.

Thy office 't was, with peaceful master-stroke,
To beat out wide the ring of liberty.
Thou hast despised the task ! — It must be broke,
That all too narrow ring, and we be free !
The ship in careless pilot's hands I see,
With thee and thy unhappy throne on deck,
Ere nightfall on the cliff, a miserable wreck !

The Sphinx yet lives — of Revolution ! Thou
Wast sent to end the hour of sacrifice.
O, were there not already o'er thy brow
A thousand garlands hovering ? — And, lo ! now
Thy faithless hand the knot still faster ties,
And I have falsely read the starry skies !
The Sphinx will not yet plunge, — and thou to us
Hast proved thyself to be no Œdipus !

TO A CENSOR.



UNHAPPIEST of eunuchs, thou
Who, that thy sultan safe may sleep,
A God-accursed page, canst bow
O'er freemen's lips thy watch to keep !

My simple word hast thou condemned,
For your vile kitchen all too free ; —
Hath, then, this heart less freely flamed,
Less freely hated him and thee ?

Think not the soul is in its grave,
When limb from limb thy power hath torn !
Thou dost but snuff the wick, thou slave,
That so the light may brighter burn !

LIEBER.

TO JEAN PAUL.

[The author of this sonnet, and the three following pieces, Francis Lieber, now Professor at Columbia College, S. C., and so well known and appreciated in this country, prepared, when in prison on the Continent, a manuscript volume of his poems, which he dedicated and sent to Richter. When he was set at liberty, and then soon obliged to leave his own country for this, to avoid a second imprisonment, not hearing from Jean Paul, he supposed that silence had been adopted as the least disagreeable mode of pronouncing an unfavorable judgment on his effusions. A few years ago, Mrs. Lee, while collecting materials for the life of Richter, wrote to Lieber to know if he were the Lieber whom Jean Paul mentioned with praise, in a certain letter. Upon investigating the matter, it appeared that Richter had written an approving letter to Lieber, which, however, came too late, when his country was behind him.]

FROM distant days and home's far distant strand,
The poet's greeting came o'er ocean's wave,
Like a sad murmur from the long-closed grave,—
Like a sweet murmur from the spirit's land !

While all the thousand ties were yet unbroken,
That greeting, — O, what joy it *had* inspired,
With what new might my swelling bosom fired,
And urged me onward with my master's token !
But ah ! what then with kindling fire had wrought,
On this far shore awakes the saddening thought ;
What once like Pharos-light hung out on high,
And shone the while my sails I boldly spread,
Is now too distant ; — years of change have sped, —
The poet is no more, — no more a poet I.

SONNET ON MILTON.

[“ When I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defence of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced, that, if I did engage in the work, it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation, and inspired no dismay. I would not have listened to the voice even of Esculapius himself from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight or the desertion of my duty. . . . I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honorable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem; I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy as beneficial as possible.” — *Second Defence of the People of England.*]

WHETHER, in high and priestly strains, he sings
 Of the first pair the sad and early fall,
 In virtue of his mission through the All
 Soaring on Poesy's gigantic wings, —

Whether, a champion stout and true, he brings
His mighty aid where Right and Freedom call, —
Or whether civil discord's bitter brawl
E'en through his noble soul, confusing, rings, —
In every phase let Milton's glory swell
Thy grateful praises, for he proves so well
How civic zeal and loftiest mind agree.
A bard, — he loves the bright and quickening day,
Yet cheerfully resigns the blessed ray
To give his brethren light and liberty.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S GRIEF.



A MONARCH sat and wept
Upon his lofty throne, —
In death's cold chamber slept
That monarch's eldest son.

His nobles, with their train,
Stood round him, all in state ;
The king would speak, — in vain !
His sorrow was too great.

The king, he strove to speak, —
The father bowed and wept ;
The salt tears down his cheek,
All to his mantle, crept.

Again he strove to speak, —
His heart is broke again ;
He sobbed, — and o'er his cheek
The tears gushed down like rain.

That monarch's princely son,
In all his manly bloom,
Grim Death — the envious one —
Has hurried to the tomb.

He sought the king, — but no, —
God's armor broke the dart ;
He smites the son, and lo !
He hits the father's heart.

The eye is stiff that beamed
With warm love yesterday ;
To-morrow's sceptre gleamed
For a hand now lifeless clay.

Pale is the brow that wore
So well the fresh green wreath ;
That heart shall beat no more
With hope, — 't is hushed in death.

The wife 's a widowed one, —
The promised crown has flown, —
And soon her little son,
An orphan, mounts the throne.

O cruel Death ! thy blow
Falls here with heaviness ;
It fills the house with woe,
And France with sore distress.

Yet is there solace, too ;
Hearts oft at war are one ;
What ne'er the king could do,
The father's tear hath done.

God bless the firm, wise one,
And many a year still spare,
And long with honor crown,
And joy, his hoary hair.

And grant the kingdom rest, —
What'er Death turns to dust, —
That hearts by trouble blest
May work with manly trust.

THE RING.



THEY ring ! — ah ! that is sad in human life,
That friends forget ; — not even part in strife,
Nor shun each other with suspicious eye,
But grudge such little pains as to deny
The fairest flower of life what every weed,
The vilest, sickens when compelled to need.
They see how time cuts deeper year by year,
When soul to soul grows not more near and dear ;
Already Love's ripe sheaves their gold display,
And yet they let love starve and pine away ;
Heedless they see the bright links fall apart ;
And thus does heart forget to cherish heart ;
But sad the breast, how fair soe'er life's lot,
Where this forgetting cannot be forgot.

L U T H E R.

PSALM ON THE ROAD TO WORMS.

[Says Heine (*Revue de Deux Mondes*, 1834),—“The hymn with which he entered Worms, followed by his companions, was a real war-song. The old cathedral trembled at these new sounds, and the ravens were affrighted in their obscure nests on the tops of the towers. This hymn, the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, has retained to this day its potent energy, and perhaps we shall soon hear, in similar battles, those old words ringing again.”]

OUR God 's a mighty panoply,
A tower that can't be shaken ;
From every strait he 'll help us free,
That now hath us o'ertaken.
The old black Fiend hath risen
From out his ancient prison ;

Great power, deep artifice,
His dreadful armor is ;
On earth there 's not his equal.

By strength of ours is nothing done, —
A fearful game we 're losing ;
But the right man 's our champion,
The man of God's own choosing.
Wouldst know who that may be ?
Lord Jesus Christ is he,
The Lord of Hosts ; — alone
Him for our God we own ; —
He 'll take the field, and keep it.

And though the world were full of fiends,
All waiting to devour,
All their infernal magazines
Against us have no power.
The prince of this world may
Draw out his grim array ;
He cannot make us yield.
Why ? For his doom is sealed, —
A word shall bid him cower.

That word, despite them, still shall stand,
And they shall help fulfil it, —
No thanks to them ; — praise Him whose hand
And counsel so did will it.
Let them take house, child, wife,
Good name, and body's life ;
What then ? small gain is theirs.
Good bye to earthly cares ;
God's kingdom stands unshaken !

KÖRNER.

THROUGH!

[A seal, representing a cloud with an arrow flying towards it, and having the word "Through!" inscribed thereunder, gave occasion to this piece.]

SEE where, beneath its sable shroud,
In gloomy majesty,
The rampart of the frowning cloud
Looms in the blackened sky!
From its dark bosom, frequent hurled,
The forkèd lightnings flash,
And sparkling fire-balls light the world,
And rattling thunders crash.

Lo where in crowds poor sinners lie,
With quivering lips and pale ! —
“ Spare, Lord of Sabaoth,” they cry,
“ O, spare my peaceful vale !
Slay, if thou wilt, all creatures slay ;
Root out the human race ;
But spare me, Lord, my little day,
Wife, child, and dwelling-place ! ”

Ay, cowards, bend your necks in prayer !
Lie low and wait your death !
The God who *looks* yon lightning-glare
Shall trample out your breath !
The bell, that in the stormy hour
Tolls out the call to prayer,
Attracts the soonest to its tower
The hot, electric air.

But, lo ! another, nobler band !
Death’s terrors they defy.
In bristling armor there they stand,
Steel-clad, beneath the sky.
How firm their tread, — how calm they hear
The thunder’s awful crash,
And eye the lightnings, that more near,
And ever nearer, flash !

What boots it here to quake and quail ?

March on with fearless tread !

Swift action shall alone prevail

To crush the serpent's head !

Trust ye to armor ? Well it may

Ward off the foeman's lance,

But calls down on your heads to-day

The lightning's vengeful glance !

No, — courage ! — cheering victory

Is born of strangling fight !

See through the sky yon arrow fly !

It cleaves the cloud-born night.

Through ! through ! 't will go ; — the bended bow

Spared not the string, I trow !

Straight to its mark the shaft will go,

And swims in sunlight now.

Through ! brothers, through ! Be this our mind

In sorrow and in strife !

The dust its native dust shall find,

The soul its heavenly life.

Shall we in earthly marshes rot ?

Were the last day at hand,

Yet let the lightnings blaze, — fear not !

Through ! There's your Fatherland !

J A C O B I.

LITANY FOR THE FEAST OF ALL- SOULS.

[At this festival the Roman Catholics visit the graves of their friends, place lights on them, and pray for the departed.]

REST all souls in peaceful slumber,
Who, set free from care and cumber,
Who, from dreams of rapture torn,
Sick of life, or scarcely born,
From the world have found release :
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

They who, friendship vainly seeking,
Never cursed, though heart were breaking,

When the pressure of their hand
Not a soul could understand :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

Souls of lovely maidens, slumber !
Who have tears shed without number,
Or by faithless friend neglected,
Or by this blind world rejected :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

And the youth, whose bride, in sorrow,
By his grave at early morrow,
For that love hath brought him there,
Must her secret taper bear :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

Spirits all, that would not falter,
Called to Truth's dread, glorious altar,
Who for God most holy fought,
Nor the martyr's glory sought :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

And the sunless ones, unsleeping,
Thorny watch by moonlight keeping,
Yearning long for one clear sight
Of their God, in heaven's pure light :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

All who tarried, crowned with flowers,
At the cup in Pleasure's bowers,
But in evil days no less
Tasted of its bitterness :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

They, too, who in tribulation
Sent glad words of inspiration
O'er a gloomy Golgotha,
To a world in sleep that lay :
All who now have found release,
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

Rest all souls in peaceful slumber,
Who, set free from care and cumber,
Who, from dreams of rapture torn,
Sick of life, or scarcely born,
From the world have found release :
Rest all souls in heavenly peace !

THE BLACK FOREST.



THE Schwarzwald, with its grim and grand
Old gloomy firs, who knows not ?
No pilgrim comes to Swabia's land,
And from it one there goes not,
Who stands not still and stares to see
That wood's wild pomp and majesty.

Wild are its heights, so grim and hoar ;
Darkly they close behind us ;
Before us, glad and strong they soar,
And of our sires remind us,
The rough old Germans, brave and strong ; —
Why wake these woods no German song ?

Old Schwarzwald, — were I strong as he,
With all his years around him,
His anthem were not hard for me ;
But I have always found him, —
This will I say, — though wild to view,
My best of neighbours, friend most true.

I 've seen, on many a grove-crowned hill,
Dance round the murmuring fountain
Whole troops of Nymphs ; yet love I still
Far best the wooded mountain ;
For always, when I nearer drew,
Not the last goddess was in view.

So sang I oft on vine-hills, where
Grape gleamed with goblet, saying,
My country's daughters must be fair,
For songs with kisses paying ;
But soon as Autumn took his flight
Were kiss and song forgotten quite.

But Schwarzwald is my love for aye.
Down from his heights so gayly,
With neat white hat, a maid one day
Came tripping to the valley,

Red-cheeked, without deceit or art, —
Naught hid but love within her heart.

A long, long look she well was worth ;
I said, — “ Sweet maid, wilt tarry
In this our vale, beside my hearth ?
With mine thy fortunes marry ? ”
'T was strange to us, — but soft and still
The woodland maiden said, — “ I will ! ”

In a short time she was my bride ;
Then wife ; and, when kind Heaven
Had helped a little nest provide,
A cherub, too, was given, —
Sat on her lap and sweetly smiled,
And grew a prattling, toddling child.

Since that, these twain have been to me
My sole sufficient treasure ;
Each gift, however small it be,
Brings me a priceless pleasure, —
The ray that wakes me from my bed, —
The sparrow twittering on my shed.

No mountain can such wealth enfold
For me, — on earth no mountain,
Though all its rocks were solid gold
And wine its every fountain, —
As, all undreamed of and unsought,
From his rough heights old Schwarzwald brought.

AFTER AN OLD SONG.



WHERE are now the violets gone,
That, in vernal hours,
All along the pathway shone
Of the queen of flowers ?
“ Ah, fond youth ! the spring is fled,
And the violets are dead ! ”

Where are now the roses, say,
That, in summer hours,
Lads and lasses, we, so gay,
Plucked in singing bowers ?
“ Ah, fond maid ! the summer ’s fled,
And the roses, too, are dead ! ”

Lead me, then, beside the bank
Where the rivulet glistened,

Where the violet freshness drank,
And the lovers listened.
“ Sun and wind burned hot and sore,
And the rivulet runs no more ! ”

Bring me to the arbor, then,
Where the roses, blowing,
Blushed like shepherdess and swain,
There with true love glowing.
“ Wind and hail the foliage tore,
And the arbor is no more ! ”

Where, O, where 's the maiden now,
Who, with sweet pretending,
Turned from me her modest brow,
O'er the violets bending ?
“ Youth ! all mortal beauty flies ; —
In the grave the maiden lies ! ”

Where is he whose tuneful tongue,
In the summer hour,
Violet, rose, and herdsmaid sung,
Rivulet and bower ?
“ Maiden ! ah ! life soon is sped,
And the minstrel, too, is dead ! ”

THE CROWN AND THE NIGHTCAP.



UPON a marble table lay,
 Announcing silently the gala-day,
 At early morn, a royal crown,
 And by its side the royal nightcap. "How?"
 Began the glittering trinket, looking down
 On its plain neighbour with a frown
 Of indignation, pride, and bitter scorn, —
 "And dost thou venture here, where ne'er, till now,
 The like of thee beheld the light of morn?
 'T were surely quite enough, that in the night,
 In the dark sleeping-chamber, hid from sight,
 A monarch should such things as this allow
 To wrap incognito his royal head,
 While slumbering on his bed!

But thou ——

Think what thou art and where thou art, — low-born !”

“ I am,” stole forth the humble, firm reply,

“ Not so dispensable as thou dost deem

To his, thy regent’s, and thine own renown.

True, where they see thy flashing jewels gleam,

With pomp of praise and swell of laureate song,

The idle parasites and flatterers throng,

The astonished multitude bow down,

And, ah ! too soon a foolish king

Forgets he, too, is but a mortal thing.

But when upon the pillow he and I

In the dumb darkness lie,

Alone, I whisper in his ear

The mighty truth, and, will his pride but hear,

Then shall a faithful people gratefully revere,

Even in the person of a prince’s son,

Shining through all, and towering far above,

The person of the man their hearts can love.

Then, crown, rejoice ! for thou hast holier lustre
won !”

B Ü R G E R.



SWEET SUSY.

LONG time had I sweet Susy known, —
A lovely child was she ;
Each grace and virtue was her own, —
That could I clearly see.
I came and went, and went and came,
Like ocean's ebb and flow ;
Glad was I always when I came,
Yet never sad to go.

But by and by it came to pass,
Quite other thoughts I had ;
Then, when I went, I sighed, “ Alas ! ”
And when I came, was glad.

She was my only pastime now,
My only business, too ;
Whole was I, soul and body, now ;
She filled me through and through.

I was as deaf as any stone,
As dumb as dumb could be ;
Naught saw I, heard I ; she alone
Was bird and bud to me.
No star in heaven, no sun, no moon,
Naught but my darling, shined ;
On her, as on a sun at noon,
I looked my eyes quite blind.

But changing time, with silent pace,
My feelings changed again ;
Yet every virtue, charm, and grace
Did still with her remain.
I came and went, and went and came,
Like ocean's ebb and flow ;
'T was very pleasant when I came,
Nor painful now to go.

Ye wise ones, who investigate
With learned labor this, —

How, where, and when all creatures mate,
And why they love and kiss, —
Ye deep-read sages, ponder now
The wondrous things I tell,
And say, why, wherefore, when, and how
Such changes me befell.

I, night and day, and day and night,
Have racked my musing brain,
To bring the hidden cause to light,
But I have toiled in vain.
Love 's like the wind at sea that blows ; —
You hear the sound full well ;
But whence it rose, and whither it goes,
No mortal man can tell.

GLEIM.



SONG OF THE POOR GARDENER.

AM I, poor gardener, happy ? Yes,

I am, and have a right to be !

Much toil and trouble, I confess,

Has God, my God, allotted me ;

But pleasures, also, not a few, —

For which what thanks to Him belong ! —

And heart and voice to sing them, too,

As sings the lark his morning-song.

As bright and early as the sun,

Up from my bed of straw I spring,

And hours and minutes, as they run,

Bring joy and gladness on their wing.

At early morn, his friendly ray
Paints me the top of every tree,
And when he sinks, at close of day,
Still through the twigs he blinks at me.

The birds that sing to welcome spring,
Each morning sing to welcome me ;
For I have never stained a wing,
Nor robbed a nest in bush or tree.
This makes each creature kind to me,
That hovers o'er me in the air,
And worm and insect fearlessly
With me the common bounty share.

When we have sung our matin-song,
Brisk to our daily work we run ;
And then we sing and spring along
Back to our meal when work is done.
My table on the turf is spread,
Sweet krout and cooling must are there ;
More sweet to me my daily bread,
Than to a king his costliest fare.

I snatch a hasty meal, then go
Fresh to my daily work again ;

And hours of toil like minutes flow,
Sweet birds ! beneath your merry strain.
Full oft I pause to hear and see
Great Nature's life-tides ripple round ;
Here little gnat-choirs hum their glee,
There roam the bees o'er flowery ground.

The God who made and doth sustain
Each little life, however brief,
Makes nothing empty or in vain ;
No, not the tiniest trembling leaf.
There 's not a blade of grass that grows,
My browsing lambkin leaves behind ;
In vain no smallest flower-cup blows ;
In every thing a use I find.

Here, for example, God has made
My digging serve his purpose, too ;
For you, ye ravens ! works my spade,
And, little singing birds ! for you.
For you, fat worms I bring to sight,
And dig up chafers from the sand ;
Then on my spade you come and light,
And sing, and pick from out my hand.

The small ground-sparrow, hopping round,
Looks up to me with wistful eyes,
Till some poor little worm is found,
Then hastens homeward with her prize.
Like her, I hie me home to rest,
Sweet slumber crowns my evening-song,
At morn I wake with buoyant breast,
And feel both soul and body strong.

And all these pleasures with my queen
I share, my faithful gardeners.
A king would envy me, I ween,
All that I am could he but guess.
I am contented with my lot,
My bread is sweet, my kout is nice,
I reign a monarch in my cot ;
My garden is a paradise.

K R U M M A C H E R .



OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

O, ONLY see how sweetly there
Our little church is gleaming !
The golden evening sunshine fair
On tower and roof is streaming.
How soft and tranquil all around !
Where shall its like on earth be found ?

Through the green foliage, white and clear,
It peeps out all so gayly
Round on our little village here,
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, as one may see,
With its own grace and purity.

Not always does it fare so well
When tempests rage and riot ;
Yet even then the little bell
Speaks out, — “ ’T will soon be quiet !
Though clouds look black and pour down rain,
The sunshine, brighter, comes again.”

And when the organ shines and sounds,
With silver pipes all glistening,
How every heart then thrills and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening,
Such feelings in each bosom swell !
But what he feels no one can tell.

O, see in evening’s golden fire
Its little windows gleaming !
Bright as a bride in gay attire,
With flowers and jewels beaming.
Ay, look now ! how it gleams and glows,
Fair as an apricot or rose !

Within, our little church shows quite, —
Believe me, — quite as neatly ;
The little benches, blue and white,
All empty, look so sweetly !

On Sunday none is empty found, —
There 's no such church the wide world round !

See where, against the pillared wall,
The pulpit high is builded,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
All polished bright and gilded.
Then comes the parson undismayed, —
They wonder he is not afraid.

But he stands up, a hero, there,
And leads them on to heaven,
Through all this world of sin and care,
The flock his God has given.
Soft falls his word, as dew comes down
On a dry meadow, parched and brown.

But see ! the sun already sinks,
And all the vale is darkling,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day's last golden sparkling.
How still and sacred all around !
Where shall a church like ours be found ?

THE SABBATH.



'THE Sabbath is here !
Like a dove out of heaven descending,
Toil and turmoil suspending,
Comes in the glad morn !
It smiles on the highway,
And down the green by-way,
'Mong fields of ripe corn.

The Sabbath is here !
Behold ! the full sheaves own the blessing,
So plainly confessing
A Father's mild care.
In Sabbath-noon stillness,
'The crops in their fulness
How graceful and fair !

The Sabbath is here !
No clank of the plough-chain we hear, now, —
No lash, far or near, now, —
No creaking of wheels.
With million low voices
The harvest rejoices
All over the fields

The Sabbath is here !
The seed we in faith and hope planted ;
God's blessing was granted ;
It sprang to the light.
We gaze, now, and listen,
Where fields wave and glisten,
With grateful delight.

The Sabbath is here !
Give praise to the Father, whose blessing
The fields are confessing !
Soon the reapers will come,
With rustling and ringing
Of sickles, and bringing
The yellow sheaves home.

The Sabbath is here !
The seed we in fond hope are sowing
Will one day rise, glowing
In the smile of God's love.
In dust though we leave it,
We trust to receive it
In glory above !

SCHULZE.



SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRDS.

FROM twig to twig a-skipping, —
Through bush and brake a-slipping,
 To rest in some soft grassy spot, —
 Ah! that 's the lot
Of your little feathered singer.
Long linger,
 Thou sweetest, loveliest lot !

Mild breezes, softly springing,
O, come ! flower-fl fragrance bringing ;
 Ye pretty butterflies, be quick,
 From twig to twig,
With our little troop, to be straying
And playing,
 Where bushes are cool and thick.

In the green labyrinth's mazes,
Where never noontide blazes,
 We build our dwelling snug and strong ;
 Gliding along,
The rivulet loiters near us,
To hear us,
 And murmurs to our song.

And when the day is ending,
Then you may see us wending
 Back to our mother's straw-built cot.
 Ah ! that 's the lot
Of your little painted singer ;
Long linger, —
 The longer, the lovelier, — thou sweetest,
 loveliest lot !

W Ü L F L E R.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
For still to thee man's little life
Darts, like the daring steed to strife ;
Swifter than post, — than home-bound bark, —
Or arrow speeding to the mark.
Think, mortal, of Eternity !

Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
A circle infinite art thou,
Whose centre is the Eternal Now ;
The vast circumference men call Never,
For that it finds no end for ever.
Think, mortal, of Eternity !

ANONYMOUS.

GERMAN WATCHMAN'S SONG.

GIVE ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
Ten — strikes the hammer on the bell.
The hour of rest is drawing near ;
To him whose duty 's done, good cheer !
Take heed to your fire and light,
That none may be harmed to-night ;
Ten, — and all 's well !

Give ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
The hammer strikes 'leven on the bell.
In town and village sweetly sleep,
All ye who a good conscience keep !
A bad one knows no rest ;
It gnaws and stings the breast ;
Eleven, — and all 's well !

Give ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
Twelve — strikes the hammer on the bell.
The ghostly hour is just gone by, —
Who now believes the foolery ?
Lie down in God's good keeping,
For there is quiet sleeping ;
Twelve, — and all 's well !

Give ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
One — strikes the hammer on the bell.
Sad watcher by that lonely light,
May God make short thy tedious night !
His hope make strong thy heart, —
His peace assuage the smart !
One, — and all 's well !

Give ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
Two — strikes the hammer on the bell.
I hear the cock already crow ;
Soon, now, I cry my last and go.
Still you lie sleeping there ;
Better than some you fare ;
Two, — and all 's well !

Give ear, ye neighbours, while I tell :
Three — strikes the hammer on the bell.

Praise God, the Lord, for this new light ;
'T is he who watched you through the night.
Sleep not the hours away,
When once has broke the day.
Past three o'clock, and all 's well !

THE CARD-HOUSE.



GENTLE neighbours, wherefore laugh,
When the wind, like idle chaff,
Blows away my careful pile ? —
Is it worth your smile ?

You build castles in the air ;
Morning sees them tall and fair ;
But when shuts the eye of day,
Tell me, where are they ?

Read ye not a lesson here,
Ye who Mammon's temples rear ?
Know ye not, your glories must
Crumble soon to dust ?

Why, then, gentle neighbours, laugh,
When the wind, like idle chaff,
Blows away my careful pile? —
What build ye the while?

THE END.







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